THE DEVIL *to* PAY;

OR, THE

WIVES *Metamorphos'd.*

AN

OPERA.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by the Author of *The Beggars Wedding.*

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora ——— Ovid.

With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.

LONDON,
Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

MDCCXXXII.

Price One Shilling.

28
57
FEB

To the MOST NOBLE

LIONEL-CRANFIELD,

DUKE *of* DORSET,

Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND.

MY LORD,

I Very much fear I ſhall be thought guilty of great Preſumption in taking the Liberty to dedicate, to Your Excellency, a Play repreſented at this Seaſon of the Year; and, at the ſame time, in doing it without firſt obtaining Leave: But as Your Excellency has too juſt a Taſte and Knowledge of every Science to paſs Judgment on any Writer, otherwiſe than as You are influenc'd

by the real Merit of his Performance, the firſt Objection will be of little avail againſt me; for I ſhould have the ſame Dread, at any other time, of not gaining Your Excellency's Approbation, ſince I am ſenſible, I have but ſmall Pretentions to it from the Alterations and Additions I have made in the Piece I do my ſelf the Honour to lay at Your Excellency's Feet.

The other Objection, of not begging Your Excellency's Permiſſion for this Addreſs, is of no greater Force than the former; for tho' very few Gentlemen of high Birth and Station ſo much deſerve the Encomiums of Mankind as Your Excellency, yet, I am told, there are ſtill fewer but ſeem more delighted with them. Then how could I apply to Your Excellency in an Affair of this kind, which is, in my Opinion, no better than a Bargain between the Patron and Poet for ſuch a Number of Flatteries and overſtrain'd Compliments, as Your Excellency would ſcorn to accept had I Meanneſs enough to make an Offering of them?

But

But to take this Occaſion of congratulating my native Country, *Ireland*, on the Happineſs it is going to receive from Your wiſe and prudent Adminiſtration, and of being one of the foremoſt in ſhewing my Zeal and Duty to Your Excellency, I hope will not be thought an unpardonable Ambition in,

My LORD,

Your EXCELLENCY'S *moſt obedient,*

and moſt devoted humble Servant,

CHA. COFFEY.

A

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PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *THEOPH. CIBBER.*

IN ancient Greece *the Comic Muſe appear'd,*
Sworn Foe to Vice, by Virtue's Friends rever'd;
Impartial ſhe indulg'd her noble Rage,
And Satire was the Buſineſs of the Stage:
No reigning Ill was from her Cenſure free,
No Sex, no Age of Man, and no Degree;
Whoe'er by Paſſion was, or Folly, led,
The laurel'd Chief, or ſacerdotal Head,
The pedant Sophiſt, or imperious Dame,
She laſh'd the Evil, nor conceal'd the Name.

How hard the Fate of Wives in thoſe ſad Times,
When ſaucy Poets wou'd chaſtiſe their Crimes!
When each cornuting Mate, each rampant Jilt,
Had her Name branded on the Stage with Guilt!
Each Fair may now the Comic Muſe endure,
And join the Laugh, tho' at her Self, ſecure.

Link'd to a patient Lord, this Night behold
A wilful, headſtrong, Termagant and Scold;
Whom, tho' her Husband did what Man cou'd do,
The Devil only cou'd reclaim like you;
Like you, whoſe Virtues bright embelliſh Life,
And add a Bleſſing to the Name of Wife.

A merry Wag, to mend vexatious Brides,
Theſe Scenes begun, which ſhak'd your Fathers Sides;
And we, obſequious to your Taſte, prolong
Your Mirth, by courting the Supplies of Song;
If you approve, we our Deſires obtain,
And by your Pleaſure ſhall compute our Gain.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir John Loverule, *An honeſt Country Gentleman, belov'd for his Hoſpitality.*	Mr. *Stopelaer.*
Butler,	Mr. *Berry.*
Cook,	Mr. *Fielding.*
Footman, *Servants to Sir* John.	Mr. *Wright.*
Coachman,	Mr. *Gray.*
Jobſon, *A Pſalm-ſinging Cobler, Tenant to Sir* John.	Mr. *Harper.*
Doctor.	Mr. *Oates.*

WOMEN.

Lady Loverule, *Wife to Sir* John, *a proud, canting, brawling, fanatical Shrew.*	Mrs. *Grace.*
Lucy, Lettice, *Her Maids.*	Miſs *Oates.* Miſs *Williams.*
Nell, Jobſon's *Wife, an innocent Country Girl.*	Miſs *Raſter.*

Gentlemen, Tenants, Servants, Dancers, &c.

SCENE, *A Country Village.*

28 FEB 57

THE

THE DEVIL *to* PAY; OR, THE WIVES METAMORPHOS'D.

SCENE I. *The* Cobler's *Houſe.*

Jobſon, *and* Nell.

NELL.

PR'YTHEE, good *Jobſon*, ſtay with me To-night, and for once make merry at home.

Job. Peace, peace, you Jade, and go Spin; for if I lack any Thread for my Stitching, I will puniſh you by virtue of my Sovereign Authority.

Nell. Ay marry, no doubt of that; whilſt you take your Swing at the Alehouſe, ſpend your Subſtance, get drunk as a Beaſt, then come home like a Sot, and uſe one like a Dog.

Job. Nounz! do you prate? Why, how now, Brazen-face, do you ſpeak ill of the Government? Don't you know, Huſſy, that I am King in my own Houſe, and that this is Treaſon againſt my Majeſty.

Nell. Did ever one hear ſuch Stuff! But I pray you now, *Jobſon*, don't go to the Alehouſe To-night.

Job. Well, I'll humour you for once, but don't grow ſaucy upon't; for I am invited by Sir *John Loverule*'s Butler, and am to be Princely drunk with Punch at the Hall-Place; we ſhall have a Bowl large enough to ſwim in.

Nell. But they ſay, Husband, the new Lady will not ſuffer a Stranger to enter her Doors; ſhe grudges even a Draught of ſmall Beer to her own Servants; and ſeveral of the Tenants have come home with broken Heads from her Ladyſhip's own Hands, only for ſmelling ſtrong Beer in her Houſe.

Job. A Pox on her, for a fanatical Jade! She has almoſt diſtracted the good Knight: But ſhe's now abroad, feaſting with her Relations, and will ſcarce come home To-night; and we are to have much Drink, a Fiddle, and merry Gambols.

Nell. O dear Husband! let me go with you, we'll be as merry as the Night's long.

Job. Why how now, you bold Baggage! wou'd you be carry'd to a Company of ſmooth-fac'd, eating, drinking, lazy Serving-men; no, no, you Jade, I'll not be a Cuckold.

Nell. I'm ſure they wou'd make me welcome; you promis'd I ſhou'd ſee the Houſe, and the Family has not been here before, ſince you marry'd and brought me home.

Job. Why, thou moſt audacious Strumpet, dar'ſt thou diſpute with me, thy Lord and Maſter? Get in and ſpin, or elſe my Strap ſhall wind about thy Ribs moſt confoundedly.

AIR I. The Twitcher.

He that has the beſt Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life;
But for her that will ſcold and will quarrel,
Let him cut her off ſhort
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten times a Day hoop her Barrel, brave Boys,
And ten times a Day hoop her Barrel.

Nell.

Nell. Well, we poor Women muſt always be Slaves, and never have any Joy; but you Men run and ramble at your Pleaſure.

AIR II. Fie, nay, pr'ythee *John.*

'Tis, I vow and ſwear,
Very cruel, Dear,
That I muſt not be allow'd to talk:

Job. *Hence, I ſay, get in*
To thy Wheel, and ſpin,
Leſt upon your Back my Strap ſhou'd walk.

Nell. *Well, ſince I muſt, I will be gone;*
Go, go, you are a naughty Man;
Be ſure get drunk then, if you can,
Reel home to Nell.

Job. *You ſurly Jade, by Yea and Nay,*
If here you any longer ſtay,
Or dare diſpute my ſovereign Sway,
I'll ſtrap you well.

Why, you moſt peſtilent Baggage, will you be hoop'd? Be gone.

Nell. I muſt obey. [*Going.*

Job. Stay! now I think on't, here's Six-pence for you, get Ale and Apples, ſtretch and puff thy ſelf up with Lamb's Wool, rejoice and revel by thy ſelf, be drunk and wallow in thy own Sty, like a grumbling Sow as thou art.

He that has the beſt Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Sir* John's.

Butler, Cook, Footman, Coachman, Lucy, Lettice, *&c.*

But. I wou'd the blind Fidler and our dancing Neighbours were here, that we might rejoice a little, while our termagant Lady is abroad; I have made a moſt ſovereign Bowl of Punch.

Lucy. We had need rejoice ſometimes, for our deviliſh new Lady will never ſuffer it in her hearing.

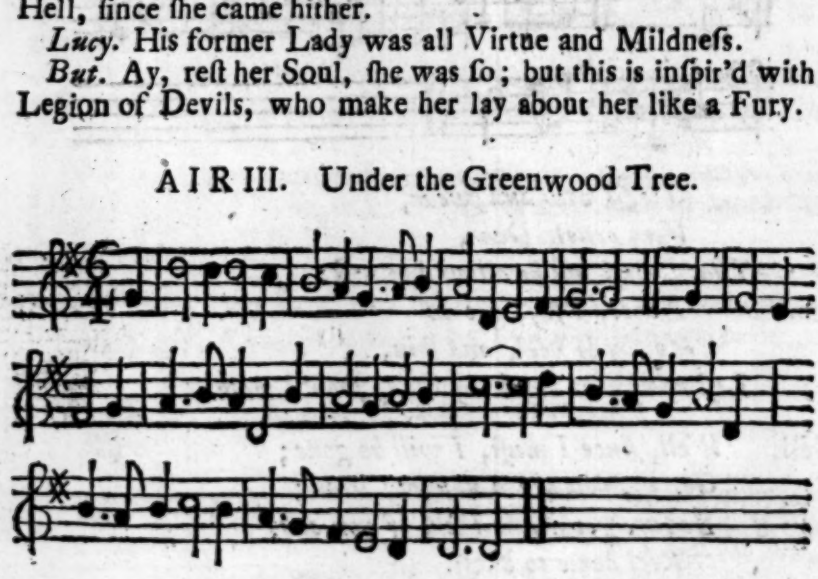
But. I will maintain, there is more Mirth in a Galley, than in our Family: Our Maſter indeed is the worthieſt Gentleman ——nothing but Sweetneſs and Liberality.

Foot. But here's a Houſe turn'd topſy turvy, from Heaven to Hell, ſince ſhe came hither.

Lucy. His former Lady was all Virtue and Mildneſs.

But. Ay, reſt her Soul, ſhe was ſo; but this is inſpir'd with a Legion of Devils, who make her lay about her like a Fury.

AIR III. Under the Greenwood Tree.



Of all the Plagues of Human Life,
A Shrew is ſure the worſt;
Scarce one in ten that takes a Wife,
But with a Shrew is curſt.
Since then the Plague in Marriage lies,
Who'd ruſh upon his Fate?
When he for Freedom, Bondage buys,
And ſtill repents too late.

Lucy. I am ſure I always feel her in my Bones; if her Complexion don't pleaſe her, or ſhe looks yellow in a Morning, I am ſure to look black and blue for it before Night.

Cook.

Cook. Pox on her! I dare not come within her Reach. I have ſome ſix broken Heads already. A Lady, quotha! a She-Bear is a civiler Animal.

Foot. Heaven help my poor Maſter! this deviliſh Termagant ſcolding Woman will be the Death of him; I never ſaw a Man ſo alter'd all the Days of my Life.

Cook. There's a perpetual Motion in that Tongue of hers, and a damn'd ſhrill Pipe, enough to break the Drum of a Man's Ear.

Enter blind Fidler, Jobſon, *and* Neighbours.

But. Welcome, welcome all; this is to our Wiſh. Honeſt old Acquaintance, Goodman *Jobſon!* how doſt thou?

Job. By my Troth, I am always ſharp ſet towards Punch, and am now come with a firm Reſolution, tho' but a poor Cobler, to be as richly drunk as a Lord; I am a true *Engliſh* Heart, and look upon Drunkenneſs as the beſt part of the Liberty of the Subject.

Lucy. Why did you not bring your Wife with you?

Job. Becauſe here are Wags, very Wags, young briſk Rogues, and a Man may be a Cuckold before the King's Health can go round.

But. Come, *Jobſon*, we'll bring out our Bowl of Punch in ſolemn Proceſſion; and then for a Song to crown our Happineſs.

AIR IV. *Charles* of *Sweden.*

Come, jolly Bacchus, *God of Wine,*
Crown this Night with Pleaſure;
Let none at Cares of Life repine,
To deſtroy our Pleaſure:
Fill up the mighty ſparkling Bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal Soul
May drink and ſing without controul,
To ſupport our Pleaſure.

Thus,

Thus, mighty Bacchus, *ſhalt thou be*
Guardian to our Pleaſure;
That under thy Protection we
May enjoy new Pleaſure;
And as the Hours glide away,
We'll in thy Name invoke their Stay,
And ſing thy Praiſes, that we may
Live and die with Pleaſure.

But. Here's our Maſter's Health in a Bumper. Huzzah——
Lucy. Our Lady's Confuſion in another. Huzzah——
But. The King and all the Royal Family, in a Brimmer——Down upon your Knees, you Rogues!

Enter Sir John, *and* Lady.

Lady. O Heaven and Earth! What's here within my Doors? Is Hell broke looſe? What Troops of Fiends are here? Sirrah, you impudent Raſcal, ſpeak!

Sir John. For ſhame, my Dear.——As this is a time of Mirth and Jollity, it has always been the Cuſtom of my Houſe, to give my Servants liberty in this Seaſon, and to treat my Country Neighbours, that with innocent Sports they may divert themſelves.

Lady. I ſay, meddle with your own Affairs, I will govern my own Houſe without your putting in an Oar. Shall I ask leave to correct my own Servants?

Sir John. I thought, Madam, this had been my Houſe, and theſe my Tenants and Servants.

Lady. Did I bring a Fortune to be thus abus'd and ſnub'd before People? Do you call my Authority in Queſtion, ungrateful Man? Look you to your Dogs and Horſes abroad, but it ſhall be my Province to govern here; nor will I be control'd by e'er a hunting, hawking, Knight in *Chriſtendom.*

AIR

AIR V. Set by Mr. *Seedo.*

Sir John. *Ye Gods! you gave to me a Wife,*
Out of your Grace and Favour;
To be the Comfort of my Life,
And I was glad to have her:
But if your Providence Divine,
For greater Bliss design her;
To obey your Wills, at any time
I am ready to resign her.

This it is to be marry'd to a continual Tempest; Strife and Noise, Canting and Hypocrisy, are eternally afloat. — 'Tis impossible to bear it long.

Lady. Ye filthy Scoundrels, and odious Jades, I'll teach you to junket thus, and steal my Provisions; I shall be devour'd at this Rate.

But. I thought, Madam, we might be merry once upon a Holiday.

Lady. Holiday, you popish Cur! is one Day more holy than another? and if it be, you'll be sure to get drunk upon it, you Rogue. [*Beats him.*] You Minx, you impudent Flirt, are you jiging it after an abominable Fiddle? all Dancing is whorish, Hussy. [*Lugs her by the Ears.*

Lucy. O Lud! she has pull'd off both my Ears.

Sir John. Pray, Madam, consider your Sex and Quality; blush for your Behaviour.

Laay.

Lady. Conſider your Incapacity; you ſhall not inſtruct me. Who are you thus muffled, you Buzzard?

[*She beats 'em all,* Jobſon *ſteals by.*

Job. I am an honeſt, plain, Pſalm-ſinging Cobler, Madam; if your Ladyſhip wou'd but go to Church, you might hear me above all the reſt there.

Lady. I'll try thy Voice here firſt, Villain. [*Strikes him.*

Job. Nounz! what a Pox, what a Devil ails you?

Lady. O prophane Wretch! wicked Varlet!

Sir John. For ſhame! your Behaviour is monſtrous!

Lady. Was ever poor Lady ſo miſerable in a brutiſh Husband, as I am? I that am ſo pious and ſo religious a Woman!

Job. Sings. *He that has the beſt Wife,*
She's the Plague of his Life,
But for her that will ſcold and will quarrel. [Exit.

Lady. O Rogue, Scoundrel, Villain!

Sir John. Remember Modeſty.

Lady. I'll rout ye all with a Vengeance, I'll ſpoil your ſqueaking Treble. [*Beats the Fiddle about the blind Man's Head.*

Fid. O Murder, Murder! I am a dark Man, which way ſhall I get hence? Oh Heav'n! ſhe has broke my Fiddle, and undone me and my Wife and Children.

Sir John. Here, poor Fellow, take your Staff and be gone, There's Money to buy you two ſuch; that's your way.

Fid. Heaven preſerve your Worſhip. —— Bleſs you, ſweet Maſter —— here's a Change indeed —— little did ever I think to find ſuch Doings in this Hall Place.

Lady. Methinks you are very liberal, Sir; muſt my Eſtate maintain you in your Profuſeneſs?

Sir John. Go up to your Cloſet, pray, and compoſe your Mind.

Lady. O wicked Man! to bid me pray.

Sir John. A Man can't be compleatly curs'd, I ſee, without Marriage; but ſince there is ſuch a thing as ſeparate Maintenance, ſhe ſhall To-morrow enjoy the Benefit of it.

AIR

AIR VI. Of all Comforts I miſcarry'd.

Of the States in Life ſo various,
Marriage, ſure, is moſt precarious;
'Tis a Maze ſo ſtrangely winding,
Still we are new Mazes finding;
'Tis an Action ſo ſevere,
That nought but Death can ſet us clear;
Happy's the Man, from Wedlock free,
Who knows to prize his Liberty:
Were Men wary,
How they marry,
We ſhou'd not be by half ſo full of Miſery.

[Knocking at the Door.]

Here, where are my Servants? Muſt they be frighted from me? —— Within there —— ſee who knocks.

Lady. Within there. —— Where are my Sluts? Ye Drabs, ye Queans —— Lights there.

Enter Servants, ſneaking, with Candles.

But. Sir, it is a Doctor that lives ten Miles off; he practiſes Phyſick, and is an Aſtrologer; your Worſhip knows him very well, he is a Cunning-Man, makes Almanacks, and can help People to their Goods again.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Sir I humbly beg your Honour's Pardon for this unſeaſonable Intruſion; but I am benighted, and 'tis ſo dark that I can't poſſibly find my way home; and knowing your Worſhip's Hoſpitality, deſire the Favour to be harbour'd under your Roof To-night.

Lady. Out of my Houſe, you lewd Conjurer, you Magician.

Doct. Here's a Turn!——Here's a Change! —— Well, if I have any Art, ye ſhall ſmart for this. [*Aſide.*

Sir John. You ſee, Friend, I am not Maſter of my own Houſe; therefore to avoid any Uneaſineſs, go down the Lane about a Quarter of a Mile, and you'll ſee a Cobler's Cottage, ſtay there a little, and I'll ſend my Servant to conduct you to a Tenant's Houſe, where you'll be well entertain'd.

Doct. I thank you, Sir, I'm your moſt humble Servant.—— But as for your Lady there, ſhe ſhall this Night feel my Reſentment. [*Exit.*

Sir John. Come, Madam, you and I muſt have ſome Conference together.

Lady. Yes, I will have a Conference and a Reformation too in this Houſe, or I'll turn it upſide down.—— I will.

AIR VII. Contented Country Farmer.

Tell me no more of This, or That,
Of Flights and Whims, you know not what;

I will reform this ſervile Rout,
Or turn the Houſe quite inſide out:
Therefore be certain from this Day,
I will command, whilſt you obey.

Sir John. *Grant me, ye Pow'rs! but this Requeſt,*
And let who will the World conteſt;
Convey her to ſome diſtant Shore,
Where I may ne'er behold her more;
Or let me to ſome Cottage fly,
In Freedom's Arms to live and die. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Cobler's.*

Nell, *and the* Doctor.

Nell. Pray, Sir, mend your Draught, if you pleaſe; you are very welcome, Sir.

Doct. Thank you heartily, good Woman, and to requite your Civility, I'll tell you your Fortune.

Nell. O, pray do, Sir; I never had my Fortune told me in my Life.

Doct. Let me behold the Lines of your Face.

Nell. I'm afraid, Sir, 'tis none of the cleaneſt; I have been about dirty Work all this Day.

Doct. Come, come, 'tis a good Face, be nôt aſham'd of it, you ſhall ſhew it in greater Places ſuddenly.

Nell. O dear Sir, I ſhall be mightily aſham'd; I want Dacity when I come before great Folks.

Doct. You muſt be confident, and fear nothing; there is much Happineſs attends you.

Nell. Oh me! this is a rare Man; Heaven be thanked.

Doct. To-morrow before Sun-riſe you ſhall be the happieſt Woman in this Country.

Nell. How, by To-morrow! alack-a-day! Sir, how can that be?

Doct. No more ſhall you be troubled with a ſurly Husband, that rails at, and ſtraps you.

Nell. Lud! how came he to know that? he muſt be a Conjurer! Indeed my Husband is ſomewhat rugged, and in his Cups will beat me, but it is not much; he's an honeſt Pains-taking Man, and I let him have his way. Pray, Sir, take t'other Cup of Ale.

Doct. I thank you —— believe me, To-morrow you ſhall be the richeſt Woman i'th' Hundred, and ride in your own Coach.

Nell. O Father! you jeer me.

Doct. By my Art! I do not. But mark my Words, be confident, and bear all out, or worſe will follow.

Nell. Never fear, Sir, I warrant you —— O Gemini! a Coach!

AIR VIII. Send home my long-ſtray'd Eyes.

My ſwelling Heart now leaps with Joy,
And Riches all my Thoughts employ;
No more ſhall People call me Nell,
Her Ladyſhip will do as well,
Deck'd in my golden, rich Array,
I'll in my Chariot roll away,
And ſhine at Ring, at Ball, and Play.

Enter Jobſon.

Job. Where is this Quean? Here, *Nell!* What a Pox, are you drunk with your Lamb's Wool?

Nell.

Nell. O Husband! here's the rareſt Man —— he has told me my Fortune.

Job. Has he ſo! and planted my Fortune too, a luſty pair of Horns upon my Head —— Eh! —— Is't not ſo?

Doct. Thy Wife is a virtuous Woman, and thoul't be happy ——

Job. Come out, you Hang-dog, you Jugler, you cheating, bamboozling Villain, muſt I be cuckolded by ſuch Rogues as you are, Mackmaticians, and Almanack-makers?

Nell. Pr'ythee Peace, Husband, we ſhall be rich, and have a Coach of our own.

Job. A Coach! a Cart, a Wheel-barrow, you Jade —— by the Mackin, ſhe's drunk, bloody drunk, moſt confoundedly drunk. —— Get you to Bed, you Strumpet. [*Beats her*

Nell. O Mercy on us! is this a Taſte of my good For tune?

Doct. You had better not have touch'd her, you ſurly Rogue.

Job. Out of my Houſe, you Villain, or I'll run my Awl up to the Handle in your Buttocks,

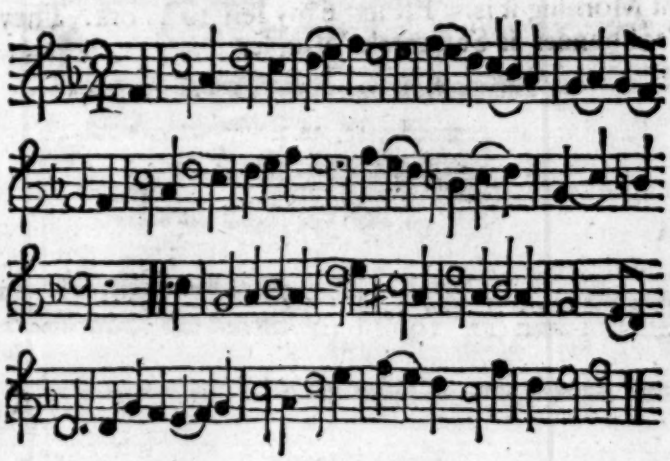
Doct. Farewel, you paltry Slave.

Job. Get out, you Rogue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *changes to an open Country.*

Doctor, *ſolus.*

AIR IX. The Spirit's Song in *Macbeth.*



My little Spirits now appear,
Nadir *and* Abiſhog *draw near;*

The

The time is ſhort, make no Delay,
Then quickly haſte and come away:
Nor Moon, nor Stars afford their Light,
But all is wrapt in gloomy Night:
Both Men and Beaſts to reſt incline,
And all things favour my Deſign.

[Within.]

Doct. *My ſtrict Commands be ſure attend,*
For ere this Night ſhall have an end,
You muſt this Cobler's Wife transform,
And to the Knight's the like perform:
With all your moſt ſpecifick Charms,
Convey each Wife to diff'rent Arms;
Let the Deluſion be ſo ſtrong,
That none may know the Right from Wrong.

Within. *All this we will with Care perform,*
In Thunder, Lightning, and a Storm. [Thunder.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Cobler's Houſe.* Jobſon *at work. The Bed in view.*

Job. What Devil has been abroad To-night? I never heard ſuch Claps of Thunder in my Life. I thought my little Hovel would have flown away; but now all is clear again, and a fine Star-light Morning it is. I'll ſettle my ſelf to Work. They ſay Winter's Thunder is Summer's Wonder.

AIR

AIR X. Charming *Sally.*

Of all the Trades from Eaſt to Weſt,
The Cobler's paſt contending,
Is like in time to prove the beſt,
Which ev'ry Day is mending.
How great his Praiſe who can amend
The Soals of all his Neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his End,
But to his Laſt ſtill labours.

Lady. Heyday! what impudent Ballad-ſinging Rogue is that, who dares wake me out of my Sleep? I'll have you flead, you Raſcal.

Job. What-a-Pox, does ſhe talk in her Sleep? or is ſhe drunk ſtill? [*Sings.*

In Bath *a wanton Wife did dwell,* &c.

Lady. Why, Villain, Raſcal, Screech-Owl, who makeſt a worſe Noiſe than a Dog hung in the Pales, or a Hog in a high Wind. Where are all my Servants? Some body come and hamſtring this Rogue. [*Knocks.*

Job.

Job. Why, how now, you brazen Quean! You muſt get drunk with the Conjurer, muſt you? I'll give you Money another time to ſpend in Lambs-Wool, you ſaucy Jade, ſhall I?

Lady. Monſt'rous! I can find no Bell to ring. Where are my Servants? They ſhall toſs him in a Blanket.

Job. Ay, the Jade's aſleep ſtill; the Conjurer told her ſhe ſhould keep her Coach, and ſhe is dreaming of her Equipage. [*Sings.*

Lady. Why, Husband! Sir *John!* will you ſuffer me to be thus inſulted?

Job. Husband! Sir *John!* what-a-pox, has ſhe Knighted me? and my Name's *Zekel* too; a good Jeſt, Faith.

Lady. Ha! he's gone, he is not in the Bed. Heaven! where am I? Foh! what loathſome Smells are here? Canvaſe Sheets, and a filthy ragged Curtain; a beaſtly Rug, and a Flock Bed. Am I awake, or is it all a Dream? What Rogue is that? Sirrah! Where am I? Who brought me hither? What Raſcal are you?

Job. This is amazing, I never heard ſuch Words from her before. If I take my Strap to you, I'll make you know your Husband. I'll teach you better Manners, you ſaucy Drab.

Lady. Oh aſtoniſhing Impudence! You my Husband, Sirrah? I'll have you hang'd, you Rogue; I'm a Lady. Let me know who has given me a ſleeping Draught, and convey'd me hither, you dirty Varlet?

Job. A ſleeping Draught! yes, you drunken Jade, you had a ſleeping Draught with a Pox to you. What, has not your Lambs-Wool done working yet?

Lady. Where am I? Where has my villanous Husband put me? *Lucy! Lettice!* Where are my Queans?

Job. Ha, ha, ha! what does ſhe call her Maids too? The Conjurer has made her mad as well as drunk.

Lady. He talks of Conjurers; ſure I am bewitch'd. Ha! what Cloaths are here? a Lindſey-woolſey Gown, a Calicoe Hood, a red Bays Petticoat, I am remov'd from my own Houſe by Witchcraft. What muſt I do? What will become of me? [*Horns wind within.*

Job. Hark! the Hunters and the merry Horns are abroad. Why *Nell*, you lazy Jade, 'tis break of Day; to Work, to Work, come, and ſpin, you Drab, or I'll tan your Hide for you: What a Pox, muſt I be at work two Hours before you in a Morning?

Lady. Why, Sirrah, thou impudent Villain, doſt thou not know me, Rogue?

Job. Know you, yes, I know you well enough, and I'll make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady

Lady. I am Sir *John Loverule*'s Lady; how came I here?

Job. Sir *John Loverule*'s Lady! no, *Nell*, not quite ſo bad neither; that damn'd, ſtingy, fanatick Whore plagues every one that comes near her, the whole Country curſes her.

Lady. Nay, then I'll hold no longer; you Rogue, you inſolent Villain, I'll teach you better Manners.

[*Flings Bedſtaff and other things at him.*

Job. This is more than I ever ſaw by her, I never had an ill Word from her before. Come, Strap, I'll try your Mettle; I'll ſober you, I warrant you, Quean.

[*He ſtraps her, ſhe flies at him.*

Lady. I'll pull your Throat out; I'll tear out your Eyes; I'm a Lady, Sirrah. Oh, Murder! Murder! Sir *John Loverule* will hang you for this; Murder! Murder!

Job. Come, Huſſy, leave Fooling, and come to your Spinning, or elſe I'll lamb you, you ne'er were ſo lamb'd ſince you were an Inch long. Take it up, you Jade.

[*She flings it down, he ſtraps her.*

Lady. Hold, hold, I'll do any thing.

Job. Oh! I thought I ſhould bring you to your ſelf again.

Lady. What ſhall I do? I can't Spin. [*Aſide.*

Job. I'll into my Stall; 'tis broad Day, now.

[*Works and ſings.*

AIR XI. Come, let us prepare.

Let Matters of State
Diſquiet the Great,
The Cobler has nought to perplex him;
Has nought but his Wife
To ruffle his Life,
And her he can ſtrap if ſhe vex him.

He's out of the Pow'r
Of Fortune, *that Whore,*
Since low as can be, 'ſhe has thruſt him;
From Duns he's ſecure,
For being ſo poor,
There's none to be found that will truſt him.

Heyday, I think the Jade's Brain is turn'd. What, have you forgot to Spin, Huſſy?

Lady. But I have not forgot to run. I'll e'en try my Feet; I ſhall find ſomebody in the Town, ſure, that will ſuccour me.

[*She runs out.*

Job. What, does ſhe run for it? I'll after her.

[*He runs out.*

SCENE *changes to Sir* John's *Houſe;* Nell *in Bed.*

Nell. What pleaſant Dreams I have had To-night! Methought I was in Paradiſe, upon a Bed of Violets and Roſes, and the ſweeteſt Husband by my Side. Ha! bleſs me, where am I now? What Sweets are theſe? No Garden in the Spring can equal them; not new blown Roſes with the Morning Dew upon them. Am I on a Bed? The Sheets are Sarſenet ſure, no Linen ever was ſo fine. What a gay, ſilken Robe have I got? Oh Heaven! I dream! Yet if this be a Dream, I would not wiſh to wake again. Sure, I died laſt Night, and went to Heaven, and this is it.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Now muſt I wake an Alarm that will not lie ſtill again till Midnight, at ſooneſt; the firſt Greeting, I ſuppoſe, will be Jade, or Whore. Madam! Madam!

Nell. Oh Gemini! who's this? What do'ſt ſay, Sweetheart?

Lucy. Sweetheart! Oh Lud, Sweetheart! the beſt Names I have had theſe three Months from her, have been Slut, or Whore. —— What Gown and Ruffles will your Ladyſhip wear To-day?

Nell. What does ſhe mean? Ladyſhip! Gown! and Ruffles! Sure I am awake; Oh! I remember the Cunning-Man, now.

Lucy. Did your Ladyſhip ſpeak?

Nell. Ay, Child, I'll wear the ſame I did Yeſterday.

Lucy. Mercy upon me! Child! Here's a Miracle!

Enter

Enter Lettice.

Let. Is my Lady awake? Have you had her Shoe or her Slipper flung at your Head yet?

Lucy. Oh, no, I'm overjoy'd; she's in the kindest Humour! go to the Bed and speak to her, now is your time.

Let. Now's my Time! what, to have another Tooth beat out Madam?

Nell. What dost say, my Dear? —— O the Father! what would she have?

Let. What Work will your Ladyship be pleas'd to have done To-day? Shall I work Plain-work, or go to my Stitching?

Nell. Work, Child! 'tis Holiday; no Work To-day.

Let. Oh Mercy! am I, or She awake? or do we both dream? Here's a blest Change!

Lucy. If it continues, we shall be a happy Family.

Let. Your Ladyship's Chocolate is ready.

Nell. Mercy on me! what's that? Some Garment, I suppose. [*Aside.*] Put it on then, Sweetheart.

Let. Put it on, Madam! I have taken it off, 'tis ready to drink.

Nell. I mean, put it by, I don't care for drinking now.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Now go I like a Bear to the Stake, to know her Scurvy Ladyship's Commands about Dinner. How many rascally Names must I be call'd?

Let. Oh, *John Cook!* you'll be out of your Wits to find my Lady in so sweet a Temper.

Cook. What a Devil, are they all mad?

Lucy. Madam, here's the Cook come about Dinner.

Nell. Oh! there's a fine Cook! He looks like one of your Gentlefolks. [*Aside.*] Indeed, honest Man, I'm very hungry now; pray get me a Rasher upon the Coals, a piece of one milk Cheese, and some white Bread.

Cook. Hey! what's to do here? my Head turns round. Honest Man! I look'd for Rogue or Rascal, at least. She's strangely changed in her Diet, as well as her Humour. [*Aside.*] I'm afraid, Madam, Cheese and Bacon will sit very heavy on your Ladyship's Stomach, in a Morning. If you please, Madam, I'll toss you up a white Fricasee of Chickens in a trice, Madam; or what does your Ladyship think of a Veal Sweetbread?

Nell. E'en what you will, good Cook.

Cook. Good Cook! good Cook! Ah! 'tis a sweet Lady.

Enter Butler.

Oh! kiſs me, *Chip*, I am out of my Wits; we have the kindeſt ſweeteſt Lady.

But. You ſhamming Rogue, I think you are out of your Wits, all of ye; the Maids look merrily too.

Lucy. Here's the Butler, Madam, to know your Ladyſhip's Orders.

Nell. Oh! pray Mr. *Butler*, let me have ſome Small Beer when my Breakfaſt comes in.

But. Mr. *Butler!* Mr. *Butler!* I ſhall be turn'd into Stone with Amazement. [*Aſide.*] Would not your Ladyſhip rather have a Glaſs of *Frontiniat*, or *Lacryme*?

Nell. O dear! what hard Names are there; but I muſt not betray my ſelf. [*Aſide.*] Well, which you pleaſe, Mr. *Butler.*

Enter Coachman.

But. Go, get you in, and be rejoiced as I am.

Coach. The Cook has been making his Game I know not how long. What, do you banter too?

Lucy. Madam, the Coachman.

Coach. I come to know if your Ladyſhip goes out To-day, and which you'll have, the Coach, or Chariot.

Nell. Good lack-a-Day! I'll ride in the Coach, if you pleaſe.

Coach. The Sky will fall, that's certain. [*Exit.*

Nell. I can hardly think I am awake yet. How well pleaſed they all ſeem to wait upon me! O notable Cunning-man! My Head turns round; I am quite giddy with my own Happineſs.

AIR XII. What tho' I am a Country Laſs.

Tho' late I was a Cobler's Wife,
In Cottage moſt obſcure-a,
In plain-ſtuff Gown, and ſhort-ear'd Coif,
Hard Labour did endure-a:

The

The Scene is chang'd, I'm alter'd quite,
And from poor humble Nell-a,
I'll learn to dance, to read, and write,
And from all bear the Bell-a.

Enter Sir John, *and Gentlemen.*

Sir John. How do you like our Sport, Gentlemen? I think we have had a ſmart Turn or two. Well, Hunting is to me the moſt agreeable Diverſion, as well as wholeſomeſt Exerciſe the Country affords.

AIR XIII. Whilſt the Town agrees with *Polly.*

Hounds and Horns o'er Plains reſounding,
Echoes from the Hills rebounding,
Fill the Sportſman's Heart with Joy;
Let, while to the Chace inviting,
Health and Pleaſure are uniting,
Fops o'er Tea their Time deſtroy.

But,

But. Oh, Sir! here's the rareſt News!

Lucy. There never was the like, Sir; you'll be overjoy'd and amaz'd.

Sir John. What, are you mad? What's the matter with ye?

Enter Coachman, *and more Servants.*

How now! here's a new Face in my Family; what's the Meaning of all this?

But. Oh, Sir! the Family is turn'd upſide down. We are almoſt diſtracted; the happieſt People!

Lucy. Ay, my Lady, Sir, my Lady.

Sir John. What, is ſhe dead?

But. Dead! Heaven forbid; O! ſhe's the beſt of Women, the ſweeteſt Lady!

Sir John. This is aſtoniſhing! I muſt go and enquire into this Wonder. If this be true, I ſhall rejoice indeed.

But. 'Tis true, Sir, upon my Honour. Long live Sir *Richard* and my Lady! Huzzah! [*Exit Sir* Richard.

Enter Nell *and* Lucy.

Nell. I well remember the Cunning-Man warn'd me to bear all out with Confidence, or worſe, he ſaid, won'd follow. I am aſham'd, and know not what to do with all this Ceremony: I am amaz'd, and out of my Senſes. I look'd in the Glaſs, and ſaw a gay fine thing I knew not; methought my Face was not at all like that I have ſeen at home in a piece of Looking-Glaſs faſten'd upon the Cupboard. But great Ladies, they ſay, have flattering Glaſſes, that ſhew them far unlike themſelves, whilſt poor Folks Glaſſes repreſent them e'en juſt as they are.

AIR XIV. When I was a Dame of Honour.

Fine Ladies with an artful Grace,
Diſguiſe each native Feature;
Whilſt flatt'ring Glaſſes ſhew the Face,
As made by Art, not Nature:

Bu

But we poor Folks in home-ſpun Grey,
By Patch nor Waſhes tainted,
Look freſh and ſweeter far than they,
That ſtill are finely painted.

Lucy. O Madam! here's my Maſter juſt return'd from Hunting.

Enter Sir John.

Nell. O Gemini! this good Gentleman my Husband!

Sir John. My Dear, I am overjoy'd to ſee my Family thus tranſported with Ecſtaſy which you occaſion'd.

Nell. Sir, I ſhall always be proud to do every thing that may give you Delight, and your Family Satisfaction.

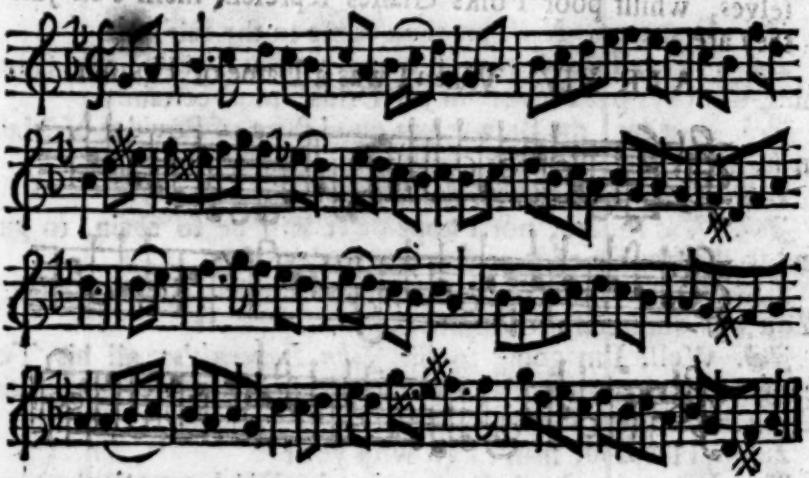
Sir John. By Heaven! I am charm'd; dear Creature, if thou continueſt thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the *Indies.* But can this be real? May I believe my Senſes?

Nell. All that's good above can witneſs for me, I am in earneſt. [*Kneels.*

Sir John. Riſe, my Deareſt. Now am I happy indeed —— Where are my Friends, my Servants? call 'em all, and let them be Witneſſes of my Happineſs. [*Exit.*

Nell. O Lud! how ſhall I behave my ſelf. — Heaven preſerve my Wits.

AIR XV. 'Twas within a Furlong, *&c.*



Nell. *O charming Cunning-Man! thou has been wond'rous kind,*
And all thy golden Words do now prove true I find;
Ten thouſand Tranſports wait,
To crown my happy State,

Thus

Thus kiss'd, and press'd,
And doubly blest'd
In all this Pomp and State:
New Scenes of Joy arise,
Which fill me with Surprize;
My Rock, and Reel,
And Spinning-Wheel,
And Husband I despise;
Then Jobson, *now adieu,*
Thy Cobling still pursue,
For hence I will not, cannot, no, nor must not buckle to.

[Exit.

SCENE Jobson's *House.*

Enter Lady.

Was ever Lady yet so miserable? I can't make one Soul in the Village acknowledge me; they sure are all of the Conspiracy. This wicked Husband of mine has laid a devilish Plot against me; I must at present submit, that I may hereafter have an Opportunity of executing my Design. Here comes the Rogue; I'll have him strangled; but now I must yield.

Enter Jobson.

Job. Come on, *Nell*, art thou come to thy self yet?

Lady. Yes, I thank you, I wonder what I ail'd; this Cunning-Man has put Powder in my Drink, most certainly.

Job. Powder! the Brewer put good store of Powder of Malt in it, that's all. Powder, quoth she! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. I never was so all the Days of my Life.

Job. Was so, no, nor I hope ne'er will be so again, to put me to the trouble of strapping you so devilishly.

Lady. I'll have that right Hand cut off for that, Rogue. [*Aside.*] You was unmerciful to bruise me so.

Job. Well, I'm going to Sir *John Loverule*'s; all his Tenants are invited; there's to be rare Feasting and Revelling, and Open House kept for three Months.

Lady. Husband, shan't I go with you?

Job. What the Devil ails thee now? Did I not tell thee but Yesterday, I wou'd strap thee for desiring to go, and art thou at it again, with a Pox?

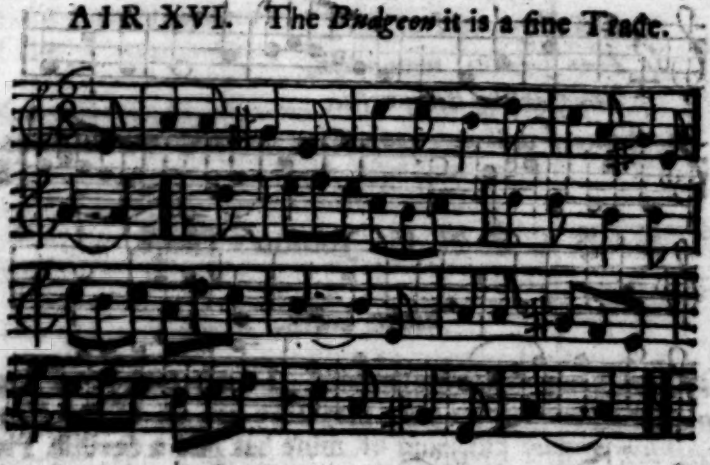
Lady. What does the Villain mean by Strapping, and Yesterday?

Job.

Job. Why, I have been marry'd but six Weeks, and you long to make me a Cuckold already. Stay at home and be hang'd, there's good cold Pie in the Cupboard, but I'll trust thee no more with strong Beer, Hussy. [*Exit.*

Lady. Well, I'll not be long after you; sure I shall get some of my own Family to know me, they can't be all in this wicked Plot. [*Exit.*

AIR XVI. The *Bridgeon* it is a fine Trade.



Tho' ravish'd from my Husband's Arms,
To dwell in Stench and Pain;
I'll break thro' all their Magick Charms,
And Liberty regain.

Then sweet Revenge shall calm my Woes,
And every Grief assuage;
Whilst all who did my Bliss oppose,
Shall feel my pow'rful Rage. [Exit.

SCENE *Sir* John's.

Sir John *and Company enter.*

AIR XVII. *Bacchus* one Day gayly striding.

Thus we'll drown all Melancholy,
In a Glaſs of gen'rous Wine;
Let dull Fools indulge their Folly,
And at Cares of Life repine:
But the brave and noble Spirit
Scorns ſuch mean, ignoble Views;
Whilſt the World proclaims his Merit,
He ſublimer Joys purſues.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Here's a fine Rout and Rioting! You Sirrah, *Butler*, you Rogue.

But. Why how now! Who are you?

Lady. Impudent Varlet! don't you know your Lady?

But. Lady! here, turn this mad Woman out of Doors.

Lady

Lady. You Raſcal, take that, Sirrah. [*Flings a Glaſs at him.*

Foot. Have a Care, Huſſy, there's a good Pump without, we ſhall cool your Courage for you.

Lady. You, *Lucy*, have you forgot me too, you Minx?

Lucy. Forgot you, Woman! why, I never remember'd you, I never ſaw you before in my Life.

Lady. Oh the wicked Slut! I'll give you Cauſe to remember me, I will, Huſſy. [*Pulls her Headcloths off.*

Lucy. Murder! Murder! help!

Sir John. How now! what Uproar's this?

Lady. You, *Lettice*, you Slut, won't you know me neither? [*Strikes her.*

Let. Help, help! ——

Sir John. What's to do there?

But. Why, Sir, here's a Madwoman calls her ſelf my Lady, and is beating and cuffing us all round.

Sir John. [*To Lady.*] Thou my Wife! poor Creature, I pity thee; I never ſaw thee before.

Lady. Then it is in vain to expect Redreſs from thee, thou wicked Contriver of all my Miſery.

Nell. How am I amaz'd! Can that be I, there in my Cloaths, that have made all this Diſturbance? And yet I am here, to my thinking, in theſe fine Cloaths. How can this be? I am ſo confounded and affrighted that I begin to wiſh I was with *Zekel Jobſon* again.

Lady. To whom ſhall I apply my ſelf, or whither can I fly? Heaven! What do I ſee? Is not that I, yonder, in my Gown and Petticoat I wore Yeſterday? How can it be! I cannot be in two Places at once.

Sir John. Poor Wretch! ſhe's ſtark mad.

Lady. What, in the Devil's Name, was I here before I came? Let me look in the Glaſs. Oh Heav'ns! I'm aſtoniſh'd, I don't know my ſelf! If this be I that the Glaſs ſhews me, I never ſaw my ſelf before.

Sir John. What incoherent Madneſs is this?

Enter Jobſon.

Lady. There, that's the Devil in my Likeneſs, who has robb'd me of my Countenance. Is he here too?

Job. Ay, Huſſy, and here's my Strap, you Quean.

Nell. O dear! I'm afraid my Husband will beat me, that am on t'other ſide the Room there.

Job. I hope your Honours will pardon her, ſhe was drinking with a Conjurer laſt Night, and has been mad ever ſince, and calls her ſelf my Lady *Loverule*.

Sir John. Poor Woman! take care of her, I do not hurt her, she may be cur'd of this.

Job. Yes, and please your Worship, you shall see me cure her presently. Hussy, do you see this?

Nell. O! pray *Zekel*, don't beat me.

Sir John. What says my Love? Does she infect thee with Madness too?

Nell. I am not well, pray lead me in.

[*Exeunt* Nell *and Maid.*

Job. I beseech your Worship don't take it ill of me, she shall never trouble you more.

Sir John. Take her home, and use her kindly.

Lady. What will become of me? [*Exeunt* Jobson *and* Lady.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, the Doctor who call'd here last Night, desires you will give him leave to speak a Word or two with you, upon very earnest Business.

Sir John. What can this mean? Bring him in.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Lo! on my Knees, Sir, I beg Forgiveness for what I have done, and put my Life into your Hands.

Sir John. What mean you?

Doct. I have exercis'd my Magick Art upon your Lady; I know you have too much Honour to take away my Life, since I might have still conceal'd it, had I pleas'd.

Sir John. You have now brought me to a Glimpse of Misery too great to bear. Is all my Happiness then turn'd into Vision only?

Doct. Sir, I beg you, fear not; if any Harm comes on it, I freely give you leave to hang me.

Sir John. Inform me what you have done.

Doct. I have transform'd your Lady's Face so that she seems the Cobler's Wife, and have charm'd her Face into the Likeness of my Lady's; and last Night when the Storm arose, my Spirits convey'd them to each other's Bed.

Sir John. Oh Wretch! thou hast undone me, I am fallen from the Height of all my Hopes, and must still be curs'd with a tempestuous Wife, a Fury whom I never knew Quiet since I had her.

Doct. If that be all, I can continue the Charm for both their Lives.

Sir John. Let the Event be what it will, I'll hang you if you do not end the Charm this Instant.

Doct. I will this Minute, Sir; and perhaps you'll find it the luckiest

luckiest of your Life; I can assure you, your Lady will prove the better for it.

Sir John. Hold, there's one material Circumstance I'd know.

Doct. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Sir John. Perhaps the Cobler has — you understand me!

Doct. I do assure you, No; for ere she was convey'd to his Bed, the Cobler was got up to work, and he has done nought but beat her ever since, and you are like to reap the Fruits of his Labour. He'll be with you in a Minute; here he comes.

Enter Jobson.

Sir John. So *Jobson*, where's your Wife?

Job. And please your Worship, she's here at the Door, but indeed I thought I had lost her just now; for as she came into the Hall, she fell into such a Swoon, that I thought she would never come out on't again; but a Tweak or two by the Nose, and half a Dozen Straps did the Business at last. Here, where are you, Housewife?

Enter Lady.

[Butler *holds up the Candle, but lets it fall when he sees her.*]

But. O Heaven and Earth! is this my Lady?

Job. What does he say? my Wife chang'd to my Lady!

Cook. Ay, I thought the other was too good for our Lady.

Lady. [*To Sir John.*] Sir, you are the Person I have most offended, and here confess I have been the worst of Wives in every thing, but that I always kept my self chaste. If you can vouchsafe once more to take me to your Bosom, the Remainder of my Days shall joyfully be spent in Duty, and Observance of your Will.

Sir John. Rise, Madam, I do forgive you; and if you are sincere in what you say, you'll make me happier than all the Enjoyments in the World without you could do.

Job. What a Pox! am I to lose my Wife thus?

Enter Lucy *and* Lettice.

Lucy. Oh, Sir! the strangest Accident has happen'd, it has amaz'd us; my Lady was in so great a Swoon, we thought she had been dead.

Let. And when she came to herself, she prov'd another Woman.

Job. Ha, ha, ha! a Bull, a Bull.

Lucy. She is so chang'd, I knew her not; I never saw her Face before: O Lud! is this my Lady?

Let. We shall be maul'd again.

Lucy.

Lucy. I thought our Happineſs was too great to laſt.

Lady. Fear not, my Servants, It ſhall hereafter be my Endeavour to make ye happy.

Sir John. Perſevere in this Reſolution, and we ſhall be bleſt indeed; the other was a falſe and ſhort-liv'd Joy, but this I hope will continue for Life.

Lady. May Heaven blaſt me, if once I alter from my Purpoſe, or ever contradict your Will again.

Sir John. Then am I bleſt, this is a Day of Wonders indeed.

Enter Nell.

Nell. My Head turns round, I muſt go home. O *Zekel*! are you there?

Job. O Lud! is that fine Lady, my Wife? I'gad I'm afraid to come near her. What can be the Meaning of this?

Sir John. This is a happy Change, and I'll have it celebrated with all the Joy I proclaim'd for my late ſhort-liv'd Viſion.

Lady. To me 'tis the happieſt Day I ever knew.

Sir John. Here *Jobſon*, take thy fine Wife.

Job. But one Word, Sir.——Did not your Worſhip make me a Cuckold, under the Roſe?

Sir John. No, upon my Honour, nor ever kiſt her Lips till I came from Hunting; but ſince ſhe has been a Means of bringing about this happy Change, I'll give thee Five Hundred Pounds home with her; go buy a Stock of Leather.

Job. Brave Boys! i'm a Prince, the Prince of Coblers. Come hither and kiſs me, *Nell*, I'll never ſtrap thee more.

Nell. Indeed, *Zekel*, I have been in ſuch a Dream, that I'm quite weary of it.

Nell. Forſooth, Madam, will you pleaſe to take your Cloaths, and let me have mine again.

Job. Hold your Tongue, you Fool, they'll ſerve you to go to Church. [*Aſide.*

Lady. No, thou ſhalt keep them, and I'll preſerve thine as Reliques.

Job. And can your good Ladyſhip forgive my Strapping your Honour ſo very much?

Lady. Moſt freely. The Joy of this bleſſed Change ſets all things right again.

Sir John. Let us forget every thing that is paſt, and think of nothing now but Joy and Pleaſure.

AIR

AIR XVIII. Hey Boys up go we.

Lady. *Let ev'ry Face with Smiles appear,*
Be Joy in ev'ry Breaſt,
Since from a Life of Pain and Care,
We now are truly bleſt.

Sir John. *May no Remembrance of paſt Time,*
Our preſent Pleaſures ſoil,
Be nought but Mirth and Joy a Crime,
And Sporting all our Toil.

Job. *I hope you'll give me leave to ſpeak,*
If I may be ſo bold;
There's nought but the Devil, and this good Strap,
Could ever tame a Scold.

F I N I S.

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